THE OLD REGIME AT PANAMA

LIFE ON THE ISTHMUS BEFORE

THE RECENT REVOLUTION



for two things-the wide open nature of its towns and the mixed character of its population, which ranges through all shades of color from pallid white to jet black.

Panama and Colon are the most cosmopolitan cities under the sun, and also the most lawless. Negroes, mulattoes, Indians, Chinese, Syrians, and every race of Europeans and Americans meet there and blend into all kinds of crosses and half breeds. Panama's Chinatown is considerably larger than New York's.

"Talk about wide open towns!" said a man who knows the Isthmus well. "There were never towns wider open than Colon and Panama, especially during the canal

boom and the early days of the revolution. "Men gambled in the public streets. Tables used to be brought out of the gambling halfs on hot nights and placed on the piazzas fronting the chief thoroughfares.

You would see men gambling there by the light of a dim hurricane lamp, with piles of gold and notes before them, and ragged little Indian boys looking on in open-mouthed wonder.

"Then, suddenly, some loser would jump up with an oath, knock over the lamp, and begin shooting right and left. The table would upset, and while the Indian boys scrambled for the scattered gold, those of us who valued our skins would dive for

Under the old dispensation the soldier was absolute king on the Isthmus in time of war, and even in time of peace he could do pretty much as he pleased. Some years ago an incident occurred in Panama which caused a great deal of excitement and comment

A soldier, while on duty guarding the convicts in the chain gang, was annoyed by a woman, who persisted in asking him questions. He lifted his rifle and shot

her dead. It happened on a busy street and the bullet passed through another woman in the line of fire and broke the leg of a third. The second woman also died, and the leg of the third had to be amoutated.

But this is not the remarkable part of the story. What aroused comment was tha fact that the soldier was actually brought to justice, and condemned to thirty days imprisonment in the common jail.

According to Colombia law, there is no capital punishment, though men are often shot by court-martial. The maximum legal punishment is ten years' imprisonment. even if a man kills half a township.

"It is Isthmian experience," said an American who lived many years in Panama. "that the only individuals who ever get the maximum punishment for murder are foreigners. I remember one case where a Jamaican murdered a woman and received full sentence under the law. During my long residence there I never knew a native of the country to receive it.

"On the other hand, I know many cases where the Colombian authorities have sent Americans, Englishmen and other foreigners to jail for several years for, petty frauds, and other cases where foreigners have been Imprisoned for months without any chargelet alone any evidence-being brought against them. The jails are so filthy and unsanitary that imprisonment for any length of time usually means death."

The Panamanos, like the Colombians, ve people: but, somehow, most o the fighting on the Isthmus in the past seems to have been done by foreigners. During the last campaign most of the revolutionists and a good many of the Government troops were British subjects-Jamai-

can negroes. Many thousands of these men were brought over by the French company to dig the Panama ditch, and on the work's coming to a standstill they were thrown out of employment. When the revolution broke out they eagerly embraced the chance of excitement and loot, for the Jamaican negro dearly loves a fight, or a "contenshun," as he calls it. Some rose to high rank, even becoming Generals and handling large

Two other foreigners bore a prominent part in the fighting and won for thembelves great reputations among the Panamanos. They were Gen. Herbert O. Jeffries, an American THE SUN told about recently, and Capt. Charles E. Tilton, a merchant skipper, who was a real Capt. Kettle at heart.

Jeffries has come into the public eye lately by taking command of the warship Padilla for the Panama Republic. During the revolution he was in the service of the Colombian Government and became one of its most trusted henchmen.

He was sent to Genoa to buy the American steam yacht Namouna, and brought her over to Colon converted into a warship for use against the revolutionists. Jeffries has lived in Colombia many years and made a great deal of profit by the sale of

"His unswerving loyalty, his fearless-ness and his skill," said an enthusiastic Colombian General, "have won for him not only the confidence of the chief authorities, but also one of the highest military

positions in the country." Capt. Tilton has disappeared from view lately, but he is supposed to be still knocking about the Isthmus somewhere. He studied at Annapolis, but did not enter the navy. He became in turn a merchant sea-

Mail Steamship Company Then he went into the Colombian ser vice as skipper of the yacht-warship, which Jeffries bought at Genoa Stories are told of him at Panama and Colon which make the famous Capt. Kettle look like he has fought for his life against a muti-

a baby by comparison. Time and again nous crew or a gang of well armed Latin-Americans. When he is asked the meaning of two deep scars running right across his face from cheek to cheek, he tells a thrilling

tale of how he fought, single handed gang of Colombian wharf rats who wanted revenge because he made them unload

One of the Colombians slashed his face twice with a knife. The next moment Tilton fractured the man's skull with a

"It was his life or mine," says the skipper when he tells the story. "The Colombians had their knives, but I had only my fists

"I had to hit him while I had my strength

If I hadn't been losing blood so fast I could have hit harder. "When the others saw him fall dead

The blow that killed the Colombian was of such force that Tilton's hand was broken

Jeffries and Tilton-but especially Tilton-are good types of the soldiers of adventure who are to be found mixing up in every Latin-American squabble. There were many of them on the Isthmus during the last revolution, and doubtless they are there still, helping to establish

of the Liberal forces on the Isthmus during the revolution, may be expected to become a great man in the new republic. He is a remarkable person, who has to be reckoned with in any consideration

In his way he is a fine General, though he lacks dash, and somehow never managed to push his victories home. That was probably because he hates slaughter. and, for a Latin-American General, is

During the revolution he occupied strong position forty or fifty miles from Panama, and all the efforts of the Government for three years could not drive him from it. His men knew every inch of the mountains, swamps and jungles over which they fought, and they practised guerrilla tactics with deadly effect.

Herrera's secret service was perfect. All through the war he knew of every move the Government before it was made. Nine-tenths of the people in Panama, being Liberal at heart, were ready to give him information.

He could have told you the number of sheets of letter paper on the desk of the Governor of Panama at any time, if he had wished. One of his staff officers actually became private secretary to the Governor for several months and, of course, sent him copies of every despatch and every secret order issued by that official. delaying them when necessary so that Herrera could get his ambush ready first and surprise the expeditions sent to surprise him.

One expedition sent from Panama was captured by Herrera without firing a shot-2.000 men, guns, baggage, mule train, Gen-

fusion, and led the enemy a long march into the middle of a mountainous jungle. Then his troops seemed to vanish into thin air, and hunting for them was like looking for a needle in a havstack.

The Government General, in disgust ordered his men to camp. While they were doing so two men came down the mountain side under a white flag. They invited the General to a conference with

"Ah," thought the Colombian, "at last I have trapped the fox, and now he wants to surrender.'

around his lines, showing him that his guns and his troops were cleverly ambushed in a complete circle on the heights surrounding the army encamped in the valley. Herrera had only to give the order to fire and that force would be annihilated.

The Government leader stormed and swore for a few moments, then sat down on a rock and cried like a child with sheer xation. Ultimately he surrendered, and

surrendered and made a treaty of peace with the Government.

During the four years of the revolu-

year after year, soldiers were poured into the Isthmus from all parts of the country by hundreds and thousands-only to melt away in an incredibly short time

naval engagement while he was Governor of Panama, "is worse than pouring water into the sand. It simply means reinforcing

sidered.

of Indians dragged into Panama by a rawhide ropes.

"Who are these men?" an American visitor once asked the Captain of the escort. "Are they criminals whom you have

In the remoter districts Government troops would surround the churches during mass, enroll all the male members of the congregation in the army, and march away with them. They would catch the Indians peacefully tilling their fields and make them exchange the ploughshare for

Even in Panama, when the need for recruits was keenest, a company of soldiers would be suddenly marched out of the cuartel, lined up across both ends of a street, and ordered to arrest every boy and man caught between the imes. Any well known Liberals in the batch were flung into jail; the rest were armed with rusty Mausers, taught the goose-step and

Most of them took the first opportunity of deserting to the Liberals. Their forcible enlistment naturally made them dislike the

The Blessings of Old Age.

I am old," said the man, as he shook his gray "I am old and quite feeble and weak: hen I talk to myself I ne'er make a reply

Ex Uno Multi.

The longevity and elasticity of the ever in creasing list of the descendants of William the Conqueror would point to the conclusion you can just bet they got a move on! If Norman but also a Mormon .- Princeton Tiger.

genuine, but only to the educated taste is it much different from the real luxury. PASSING OF THE DIAMOND BACK The golden and Biloxi terrapin are increas ing in value as the demand for them grows,

> high as \$25 a dozen. With the passing of the diamondback the development of sliders and red belly terrapin for market has begun in some parts of the Eastern Shore. The slider often attains large proportions, weighing as much as twenty pounds or more. The red belly is a smaller species. The larger variety occasionally sells for as much as \$2.50 apiece, though the average price is from 75 cents to \$1.50. The smaller variety

almost incredible that the Maryland Legissells for from 75 cents to \$1.50 a dozen. These terrapin bury themselves in the lature once passed a law to prohibit slave owners from feeding their slaves on terramud from three to five feet deep, and, like pin oftener than once a week. That is, the diamondback, are found by sounding nevertheless, a historical fact, and it is no with a stick and are pulled out with a hook. less a matter of record that just before the The female, before she deposits her eggs, civil war a serious revolt broke out among is much sought after, as the numerous some slaves on the Eastern Shore because eggs add greatly to the richness of the they were fed on diamond back terrapin

so often. They wanted pork, which was The crow is next to man, the greatest more expensive than the water food that enemy of the terrapin, hunting out their nests and destroying the eggs by the whole-This is the season to gather the famous product of the Chesapeake Bay. Crisfield.

THEIR LAND TO THE SAVIOUR. Deed Making the Transfer Executed by a

Couple in Missouri. Macon, Mo., Nov. 21 .- One hundred and twenty acres of good Missouri land near Darksville, fifteen miles southwest of Macon, belongs to the Saviour of Mankind by virtue of a deed made by the former owners, Johnson Wright and Eliza Jane Wright, his wife.

The gift was made in 1850. Descendants of the testators have held the property in trust since then and have thrived upon it. Some devout people say that the land has never failed to yield a bounteous crop even in times of drought.

The old people who made this curious will loved their Saviour well. Just how they expected Him to realize upon their bequest is not known.

They looked upon all their worldly possessions as a gift from the Creator, and thought it nothing more than fair when more tender. Then, as has already been about to die to convey back to Him the property He had put them in possession of. and not every hunter is able to keep them It was their way of showing gratitude for His generosity.

Following is a copy of the deed as it appears on the Randolph county records: Following is a copy of the deed as it appears on the Randolph county records:

This Indenture made and entered into this Sixth day of June A. D. one thousand and eight hundred and fifty between Johnson Wright and Eliza Jane his wife of the county of Randolph and State of Missouri of the first part and the Government the chief administrator, King of Wrighteousness the Sun, the fountain of life, to the General Assembly and Church of the first born which are writen in Heaven, and to God the Judge of all and to the spirits of just men made perfect and to Jesus mediator of the new covenant and to the blood of sprinkling that speaketh better things than that of Abel because he died for us, being in County of Randolph and State of Missouri to wit: the following tract of land the South West quarter of the North West quarter also the North half of the South West quarter of Sec. 28 T. 55 R. 15 containing 120 acres of land and to have and to hold and its appurtenances thereunto and everything wherein there is breath of life the first party their heirs and assigns do warrant and defend the title of said land unto the second party which is the sun of life clear and free from all other claim by or through us or any other purposes.

In testimony whereunto we Johnson Wright and Eliza Jane have hereunto set our hands and seals the day and year above written.

JOHNSON WRIGHT ISEAL!

Ackgd. June 6, 1850 before Joseph Turner J. P. Randolph Co. Mo. Delivered for record by Johnson Wright June 22, 1850.

JOHN J. ALLEN, Clerk,

BOY KING'S BRIDE-ELECT. keeping them in their native element, and Bourbon Princess Chosen Long Ago by Alfonso's Mother.

From the Washington Star. are beginning to talk about finding wife for King Alfonso, although he is only years of age. His father was married at Alfonso is a strong, well developed, vigorous boy, although there has been considerable anxiety about his lungs, for the have always been weak, and his father died of consumption. It is understood that his mother is anxious to see him settled in life before he acquires any of the bad habits of his ancestors, for they have been a wild lot choice of wives, and he must marry one of his own relatives. There is nobody else to pick from. His wife must be a Catholic. None but a member of that Church could sit on the throne of Spain. There may be girls in the Protestant or Greek households of Europe who would change their religion to hatched terrapin will not come out of the become Queen of Spain, but Cristina would sand at all during the first season if left to not permit her son to marry an apostate.

Europe who would change their religion to become Queen of Spain, but Cristina would not permit her son to marry an apostate, and only two royal Catholic families offer him a choice of wives.

He has two or three cousins and second cousins in Austria, and there has been some talk about a match with the Archduchess Elizabeth, daughter of the late Prince Rudolph of Austria and the Princess Stephanie of Belgium, but those who know tell me there is nothing in it, nor is there anything in the talk you may have seen quoted in the newspapers about his marrying a South American girl. There is no Argentine millionaire's daughter in sight, and the traditions of the State would not permit such a marriage.

Nor could be select a wife from among the daughters of the Spanish nobility. The other noble families would not permit it. No court except that of Austria is so strict and formal in its ctiouette, and the women of the Spanish nobility would never bow before one of their own class. There is no available young woman in the royal family of Belgium, nor in that of Italy, and those are the only other Catholic nations.

But I am told by people who ought to know that the Queen mother has saved us the trouble of hunting up a wife for her son, and has had one waiting for him, lo' these many years, in the person of the Princess Louise, daughter of the late Count of Paris, who served as an aide-de-camp to Gen. McClellan during our civil war and was a claimant for the throne of France. His family has furnished several royal consorts, and they have all turned out well.

The Princess Louise is said to be a charming girl, beautiful in mind, person and disposition, and has been educated for the throne of Spain, like her future husband. She is three years older than he, having celebrated her twentieth birthday shortly after he was seventeen. This, however, is not a serious matter.

Louise is half Spanish and second cousin to the King, being the grandniece of his grandmother, a relationship much further has large estates near Seville, wit pulls his quarry out of the mud with a of their native element. They are usually stored in a dry and temperate room or

children, and that their marriage will take place as soon as the King is nineteen years old.

The Countess of Paris is very rich. Her estates are valued at several millions of dollars, and of course she will give her daughter a handsome dot, which is needed by the royal family of Spain.

The economy practised by the Queen Regent in the royal household, of which the people of Spain complain so bitterly, has been due to her anxiety to save money for her children and to secure handsome marriage portions for her daughters, as well as a good income for her son in case he should be deprived of the crown, as were his father and his grandmother. Out of the allowance made by parliament for the royal household during the last sixteen years while she has been regent she has succeeded in saving several millions of dollars, which is carefully invested in stock of the Bank of Spain, in French and langlish government bonds and other gilt edged securities.

The King now has a private fortune of about \$2,000,000, which he owes to the thrift and thoughtfulness of his mother, who has been hoarding carefully for his benefit. Her expenses have been small. She has spent little upon dress, has bought no iewels, has indulged in no extravagances, given no entertainments, and never gone anywhere, so that now, when he comes into the full possession of his power and marries a rich wife he will be able to live in a manner befitting a king.

A FISHER VILLAGE THAT BARS and those of good size sometimes bring as OATHS AND STRONG DRINK.

> That Policy in Part It Attributes Its Record of No Lives Lost-Employees Obliged to Obey Its Rules Strictly -The Sea's Effort to Eat Up Galilee. The worldly minded stranger who visits

Galilee, the little fishing village on the New Jersey coast two miles south of fashionable Seabright, is to make two discoveries quickly: there are laws against swearing and liquor selling at Galilee, and both are enforced strictly. The traffickers in liquor in the more or

less wide open towns around Galilee cannot even drive their wagons through the village, let alone sell liquor therein. On their trips up and down the narrow strip of coast that lies between the Atlantic and the Shrewsbury River they have to take to the beach when they reach Galilee. If they didn't half a dozen husky fishermen would lead their horses out of the corporate limits. The fishermen have the right to do this, and they are not slow about exercising it.

This unusual situation is the result of an attempt on the part of the cottagers along the strip of beach to drive the fishermen off. Galilee is now a corporation, and it owns a choice piece of land, stretching back from the beach to the Shrewsbury River, a fourth of a mile away, right in the heart of the fashionable cottage section.

The cottagers thought the fishermen's shanties were a blot on the landscape and tried to buy up the property. The fishing, both pound and hook and line, is excellent and the men of Galilee refused to sell. Then the cottagers began a war upon them. But the fisher folk of Galilee are a shrewd lot, and before the enemy had fairly started the campaign Galilee was incorporated and the papers flashed in the faces of the cottagers. This ended all attempts to oust the last distinctive fishing colony on the Atlantic between Sandy Hook and North Long Branch.

The incorporation of the hamlet led up to its two curious by-laws. From its founding by William Monahan, a noted fisherman in his day, until its incorporation, no lives had been lost at sea.

That, according to the men of Galilee, was due more to a kind Providence than to good se manship, "for rum flowed in those days," to quote one of the natives.

But the incorporators did not believe in letting well enough alone, especially as the majority were pillars of the little Methodist Church down in North Long Branch. So they decided to help Providence in its task of looking after the colony and the two by-laws were framed.

"Drinking," they argued, "leads to recklessness, and recklessness drowns fishermen. Swearing awakens passion, and cool head is needed to wrest without danger our daily bread from the sea."

The directors had a hard time at first in enforcing these by-laws, which they hold to be largely responsible for the record of no lives lost-one that can scarcely be duplicated by any other deep-sea fishing colony

Many a man who has been in the empioy of the six companies that make up the corporation has first been warned and then fined, and not a few have been sent away for refusing to adhere to the rules. the directors have persevered, and now whenever a fisherman hires out to work in Galilee he comes prepared to live an exemplary life while on the property.

if he hasn't already heard about the by-laws-and they are few who haven'the is first told of them and asked whether he will live up to them. His getting work depends on his answer

As a general thing, the three hundred-odd men and boys employed by the twentysix native Jerseymen who form the various companies abide by the sules to the letter. They say they can't very well help it when and to back up their statement they tell how Steward Johnson of the Methodis Church and his partner, when they were spilled out on the beach while trying to launch a sea skiff in the surf, didn't even say "darn," and how Albert Koplin, when telling of his adventure in lying off shore all night in an open boat, never even thought of punctuating his tale with "By gum!" or "Dumned if it wasn't!"

Be that as it may, it is true that when two members of the corporation let a barrel of fish fall on their toes the other day, while they were putting it in a freight car, neither employed the language that is customarily used to illuminate such occasions, and they even refrained from demonstration of any sort when the provocation was materially increased by the jollying given them by

their fellow workers. Naturally, when the owners of Galilee are themselves so exemplary in their conduct, their employees cannot very well help breaking away from the time-honored customs of fisher folk. But old habits will crop out once in a while, despite good example, and when atavistic tendencies are noted in Galilee they are straightway repressed.

"What do I think of Galilee?" repeated a youth who was carrying two fish baskets. Well, stranger, here's what I think: think them there by-laws has made Galile the most Godforsaken -- "

"Easy there, Bob!" admonished Bob's employer, who was industriously working on a net a short distance away and had caught the last few words, vehemently

expressed.

"The most pokey place," corrected Bob, with a chastened air, "I ever hope to get

make up a large part of the employees-sometimes chafe at the rules, and not infrequently make complaint. They are always answered in this fashion:

"That's the by-laws. You knew that when you came. If you are tired of living up to them, you can have your pay now and get out." The kickers invariably say they guess

they'll stay a while longer. They frankly admit that the by-laws are good, and perhaps have saved their lives; and it was strapping Swede who told the story of the nearest approach to a death on the sea that Galilee has ever had, and then pointed a moral.

Albert Koplin and his partner went ou lobstering in a sea skiff one afternoon several years ago. They were well off shore when a storm suddenly struck them.

They tried to make for shore, but at last were compelled to throw out their anchors and lie down in the bottom of the boat Thus they rode out the night, and in the morning, when the storm had abated made the beach, to the great joy of Galilee, who had feared that its record was at las broken.

"And that," said the Swede, "showed what sober men can do. If they'd had a bottle along, as most fishermen have, they'd not have been coolheaded, and they'd have kept on trying to make the beach, and they'd have been capsized, and that'd have been the end of them in the gale, and liquor'd have done it."

The Galileans are every bit as diligent

in business as they are in enforcing their ordinances. They do not miss a chance to turn a penny or to save one. Their

business sagacity is further shown by the manner in which they get their ice supply for next to nothing The noticeable thing about the village from the beach road is the row of eight of ten large, conical structures topping the

sand dune which partly shields the hamlet

from the sea. These are the ice houses and they have a combined capacity of several thousands of tons of ice. The ice is harvested from the Shrews bury when the river is frozen to a depth several inches. Seventy-Ave or one hundred men work like beavers cutting the ice and sending it up, a ton at a time, in cars, on the wooden slides that lead from

the river to the ice houses. In this way Galilee gets enough ice in which to pack and ship its fish for a year at 14 cents a ton. It is this economy that enables Galilee to exist, say its incorporators; if they had to pay the market price for ice the difference between it and 14 cents would practically eat up the profit made on the fish.

It may be inferred from all this that Galilee has no troubles of its own. That would be a mistake. It has one which is by no means small.

While the sea has taken no life in Galilee it has tried hard to wipe out the village It nearly succeeded last spring during violent three days storm. It probably would have done so had not the inhabitants literally picked up their village and moved it back from the beach to the banks of the Shrewsbury, behind the sand dune.

The hamlet is practically safe now, but the fisher folk are constantly battling with the ocean in the effort to keep their beach property from being washed away by treacherous currents.

"And don't you fisher folk say things, asked a visitor, "when you see the sea eating up your property? And didn't you say things when you had to move the village

Herbert Johnson, the aforementioned steward in the Methodist Church of North Long Branch, smiled and shook his head. "It's against the by-laws," he said.

BREAD AND RADISHES.

Bit of Italian Farming Seen on a Summer Voyage in a Canoe.

"These radishes," said the speaker, picking up one from a dish of the little pink bulbs that stood on the table before him remind me of some that I saw on a very different table, and in the midst of very different surroundings, on a canoe trip that a friend of mine and myself made in vacaion time last summer. "Striking in from Long Island Sound, up a

shore, we found it to be a picturesque stream enough. In some places along it there were little bluffs, ten, twelve feet high, and at some places trees, and along some stretches of it there were grace, ing down to the water's edge.

"It was a pretty stream, running through a pleasant country. And paddling on we half a dozen miles or so above

little river that comes in on the Connecticut

came, at half a dozen miles or so above its mouth, to more of those little ten or twelve foot bluffs, quite appropriate to the size of the river, and over back of these bluffs we saw two or three farmhouses.

bluffs we saw two or three farmhouses.

"It was noon then, and the day was hot and we wanted a drink. So we tied up the cance and climbed the bank, coming out at the top upon a little elevated plateau laid out as a truck garden.

"Every inch of it was cultivated, but the ground had not been ploughed throughout in uniform straight furrows, as in one great field. It was laid out in patches, in which the furrows ran in various ways, giving variety to the appearance of the whole; but in every patch every inch was cultibut in every patch every inch was culti-vated. And over at the other side of this considerable garden farm were the houses

with barns and trees and the well. "While everything about the place gav vidence of constant care, there was, whe we started across for that well, nobody in sight anywhere; but when we had come to an old fashioned grape arbor that stood near one of the houses, and had looked into that, the absence of people from the fields was instantly accounted for. For sitting under this arbor there were twenty of more persons, men, women and children more persons, men, women and children, evidently all the people on the place, eating their dinner comfortably in its shade.

"This was apparently their regular custom Running down the middle under this arbon tunning down the middle under this arbor there was a long fixed table upon which the food was placed, the people sitting along the arbor benches on each side, and the dinner that they were eating here in this cool and leafy dining room, which the company pretty nearly filled, consisted wholly of bread and radishes—black bread and radishes. and radishes.

"There were quantities of the radishes, which were contained in two or three big wooden bowls, like chopping bowls, placed at intervals along the table, and there was plenty of black bread; and of this simple but abundant meal they were all eating with every indication of wholesome and hearty enjoyment.

"They were Italians, and good looking and healthy looking people, all; two or three families of them, apparently, that had joined forces and settled down here in this rather out of the way place to make their fortunes, and living here in their

accustomed manner. "And to come upon them thus, and all so unexpectedly, was running across, in Connecticut, a little bit of Italy and," the speaker concluded, as he helped himself to another from the dish, "radishes have always had an added flavor for me since."

THEY'RE FOOT WASHERS.

And Don't Believe in Extensive Bathing -Hence Smallpox in Philadelphia. The health authorities of Philadelphia

re trying hard, by means of frequent baths, to teach the members of a peculiar sect of negroes in that city that personal It is a hard job, but the authorities are

The adherents of this remarkable faith of partial bathing inhabit Fitzwater street,

partial bathing inhabit Fitzwater street, between Broad and Sixteenth streets, in Philadelphia. The head of the sect is "Bishop Crowdy." He conferred the title on himself.

The Bishop escaped after only one bath. The authorities are anxious to confer further benefits on him when he can be found.

One of the Bishop's enterprises in the foot-washing fraternity is the Church of God restaurant in the heart of the community. While a woman cook in the restaurant lay in one room of it the other occupants who tended her daily would go from her bedside to serve the customers without any thought of the ordinary precautions against infection. What the health inspectors can't understand is why the entire community inderstand is why the entire community

understand is why the entire community isn't stricken.

They learned of the woman s illness only when her death was recorded and then discovered two of the other cases. The forcible bathing and disinfecting of the community followed in short order.

The Bishop, as has been said, vanished after one bath. A woman adherent has voluntered the explanation that he "left town because he didn't want to be put in that dirty water at the hospital.

"He's too smart a man to be arrested," said she. "They can't do nothin' to him. He knows the law, an' he knows what's right. He'd only have to take another of them baths, but he sain't agwine ter. He'll wait till this here bathin' fuss is all over an't then he'll turn up."

CROSSED DEATH VALLEY IN '49

HORRORS OF THE TRIP RECALLED BY A PIONEER JAYHAWKER.

The Oathbound Band Which, Braving All Warnings, Left a Trail of Graves Through the Great American Desert-

CARPENTERIA, Cal., Nov. 17 .- This is the fifty-fourth year since famous '19, when California was populated by a migration across the plains and around the Horn. There are few of the pioneers left. With an increasing death rate, 1903 hrs claimed an unusally large number. The last to go was Thomas Shannon, who died Nov. 13. at Los Gatos. He was one of the little band of Jayhawkers who in an effort to reach California crossed Death Valley in Arizona in 1849, leaving a trail of graves behind them.

A few days before his death Shannon told again, as he had many times before, the thrilling story of the Jayhawkers experience in the desert. He remembered every detail, and told them as clearly as though the direful march had been made vesterday.

It was in April of 1849 that the young men of Galesburg, Ill., got the gold fever. There were twenty-five or thirty who wanted to go to California, and some one conceived the idea of forming an oathbound band. Jayhawkers was the name they chose, and the strongest young men of the community became members. The initiation was severe, and those who failed to meet its requirements were not allowed to join the party.

The candidate was lifted on the shoulders of four stout comrades, who carried him around the circle. He then stood up with trousers rolled to the knees and swore to stand by the company through any and all perils, even unto death. As he took the oath a piece of flesh was taken from the calf of his leg with a pair of iron pincers. If he showed the pain by making the slightest sound he was considered unworthy of membership.

Week after week the long wagon trains of the Jayhawkers rolled over the dusty plains, and finally came in safety to Salt Lake, the Mormon stronghold. The story of the sufferings of the Donner party had found its way back to Salt Lake They had taken the northern route, and had been overcome by snow and bitter weather in the Nevada mountains. Some of them managed to reach a mountain lake, where they pulled through the winter with untold suffering.

"It was the beginning of October when we heard the tales of the suffering of the Donner party," said Pioneer Shannon. They had taken the northern route, which was the usual, one might say the only, route from Salt Lake. We had intended to go by the northern route also, but the tales of suffering changed our minds. The Mormons, anxious to have a southern trail marked out, encouraged us to go that way. The die was cast when Cap. Juan Hunt, who had commanded the Mormon bat talion in the Mexican War, offered to act as guide for \$12 a wagon.

We left Salt Lake City on Oct. 3, skirt ing the end of the lake and going southwest. After proceeding some days one of the party produced a Frémont map and began to study out short cuts. There was one which looked very easy on the map. and it saved no less than 600 miles. Think what it meant to save 600 miles of trudging alongside a heavy wagon train. The majority of the party favored trying the cut off. Had they known the suffering it involved they would have travelled a thousand

miles to avoid it. "Capt. Hunt told us of the danger and tried to keep us from the attempt. He gave it up finally with the characteristic remark, "Well, go to hell if you like; I return to Salt Lake."

"In a few days we came to Poverty Point, in the Wasatch Mountains. It to be the jumping off place for sure. far as one could see there was nothing but

far as one could see there was nothing but a sheer precipice, and stretching away from its base, as far as the eye could reach, a severe looking plain.

"Two days' searching was rewarded with the discovery of a place of descent. It was little more than a ravine, cut by some mountain stream. There was no sign of a trail, and the way was strewn with boulders, but we managed to get the wagons.

sign of a trail, and the way was strewn with boulders, but we managed to get the wagons down. The following day we entered upon the Great American Desert, without having the faintest idea of our whereabouts."

The survivors have never been able to relate in full the horrors of that trip. It lasted four months. For weeks they were practically without water, and for fifty-two days they subsisted on quarter rations. Three of the party died and were buried along the trail, after it was discovered that the cattle which they had been herding so carefully were unfit to eat. The herd had been drinking the water of the desert and it turned their flesh into a mass of slime. Even the marrow in their bones was turned to blood and water. Yet the suffering Jayhawkers devoured hides, en-

was turned to blood and water. Yet the suffering Jayhawkers devoured hides, entrails and all in their extremity.

One poor fellow, demented by the heat, his tongue hanging out with thirst, and his form emaciated by starvation, wandered off one night. The survivors considered him one of the victims of the desert for fifteen years. He was finally discovered by a United States surveying party living among the Digger Indians a harmless idiot. There was no doubt of his identification as the missing Jayhawker.

Many of those who turned back with Capt. Hunt at Poverty Point changed their minds after taking the back trail for a few miles and pushed on after the party which was crossing the desert. A number of years later the bones of nine of them were found in one place.

sect of negroes in that city that personal cleanliness should not be confined to the ceremonial washing of one another's feet. It is a hard job, but the authorities are earnest and insistent.

They are moved to this by the fact that three deaths from smallpox and several other cases are directly due to the peculiar aversion of the Foot Washers to any extensive use of soap and water. Since the smallpox cases were discovered forty saints of the sect have received a full bath daily and have been greatly benefited thereby.

The adherents of this remarkable faith of partial bathling inhabit. Fitzments

fell over in a dead faint. An outrider of our party happened to stumble over me as the wagon train passed along, otherwise I would have been left there to die.

"The most aggravating trouble which came to us in the desert was the beautiful mirages which would appear from time to time. On Feb. 4, 1850, what seemed to be a beautiful valley stretched out before our eyes. We had been fooled so many times that no one rushed forward. Finally we worked into the valley itself. The grass was real and one could drink the water found in a spring beside the trail. It was heaven! At last our sufferings were ended, and we had accomplished a feat that it believe no white man had before us—crossing the Great American Desert from end

and we had accomplished a feat that the believe no white man had before us—crossing the Great American Desert from end to end.

"A short distance down the valley we reached a ranch where kind hearted Spaniards took care of us for two weeks until we were strong enough to proceed. They could hardly believe us when we told them we had crossed Death Valley. They said it was the mercy of God that any of us had come out alive, and they counted their beads at the miracle."

Five of the thirty-two who crossed the great desert are still living. One of them is Mrs. Brier, wife of the Rev. J. W. Brier, the woman of the party. The remaining Jayhawkers consider her the bravest woman in adversity they have ever met, and her praises will be sung until all, like Pioneer Shannon, have passed away. Mrs. Brier is spending a comfortable old age at Lodi. California.

But Five of the 32 Survivors Now Left,

his military genius.

man, a whaler and an official of the Pacific

Pounds-Substitutes for the High Priced Luxury-The Terrapin Hunter's Methods-The Crow a Destroyer of Eggs. BALTIMORE, Nov. 28 .- With diamond back

TERRAPIN BRING AS MUCH AS

\$100 A DOZEN NOW.

Nearly All the Good Chesapeake Terrapin

errapin having a standard market value

of from \$75 to \$100 a dozen, it may seem

Md., is now the chief source of supply

although a few terrapin are sent to market

each year from the Choptank River and the

For some years the dealers at Crisfield

and other points have been gathering the

diamond backs as they could, and keeping

them in pounds staked off in the water.

Nearly all the good Chesapeake terraping

It is illegal to market those under five

inches in length on the lower shell, and

pound men keep the undersized until they

reach the required length. Prices at Cris-

field now are: For those from seven to

eight inches long, \$60 a dozen; six to seven

inches, \$36 a dozen; five to six inches, \$14 a

The drop between \$30 and \$2 a dozen

may seem out of all proportion to size.

but terrapin are distinguished for more

qualities than mere price, and they increase

in flavor with age and appear to grow

said, the small ones cannot be marketed.

The cost of terrapin is considerably in-

creased before they reach the table. Orders

given by consumers are usually placed

with city dealers, who may or may not be

If a dealer receives a large order and

hasn't sufficient supply, he skirmishes

around among other dealers and frequently

sends to other chies. New York and

Philadelphia are thus drawn upon, at times,

by Baltimore dealers, but, as a general rule,

Northern sisters.

\$100.

is this city that is asked to help out her

In the course of the diamond back's prog-

ress from its native waters to the table its

value sears. The prices to the consumers

range from \$30 to \$50 more a dozen. The

cost to the consumer is usually from \$60

to \$75 a dozen. Large sizes readily bring

pounds, through which most of the Eastern

trade is supplied. Formerly terrapin held

for market were kept in boxes and barrels

until the time for shipment, but they usually

One winter a Crisfield dealer had hun-

dreds of them stored in a vacant house.

and during the cold weather nearly one-half

of them froze. This suggested the idea of

pounds were constructed for the purpose.

A tract of marsh land is surrounded by

a high board fence, extending down for two

or three feet into the mud. The interior is

then divided into a number of compart-

ments containing the terrapin in the order

of their size. Then ponds and canals are

dug, so that the tides can have full sweep

through the pounds, and wire netting is used

to prevent the terrapin from swimming

where the females lay their eggs to be

hatched by the heat of the sun. These

beds are frequently examined, and the

The young, when first hatched, are soft.

The terrapin in the pounds are fed regu-

Catching terrapin for market was once

followed as a business along the bay shores.

but is now practically only an incident of

the waterman's life, as the scarcity of the

game makes the hunt unprofitable. It is

to find a diamond back or two snuggled

considered a great piece of luck at present

Dredging for them with drags was lucra-

tive at one time, but it is now almost a for-

gotten calling. The few found are taken

The diamond back hunter goes out on

the marshes with a slender iron bar or

prod, which he sticks down at intervals of

about six inches in spots which look to him

as though likely to hide the prey. Early

in the fall the terrapin go to the marshes

and bury themselves in the soft mud to the

Many sink into the mud at the bottom

larly on hard-shell crabs and seem to get

and it takes a number of days for the shell

to harden. It is stated that the newly

from one compartment to another.

young terrapin are removed.

its own inclination.

along very well.

down in the mud.

in a different way.

depth of a foot or more.

Finally, large sand beds are const

became poor, and many died.

Crisfield there are three terrapin

able to fill them from the stock on hand.

until they reach the proper age.

dozen, and under five inches, \$2 a dozen.

left are now imprisoned in these pounds.

has now become so precious.

waters of Talbot county.

Said to Be Imprisoned in the Dealers'

Panama, the new republic, is remarkable I had had a belaying pin I would have followed them on to the wharf."

in five places.

firmly the Panama Republic. Gen. Herrera, the Commander-in-Chief

of Isthmian affairs.

strangely careful of the lives of his men.

Herrera pretended to retreat in con-

Herrera.

Herrera met the General and took him

most of his men enlisted in Herrera's Herrera seemed to have things all his own way, and had practically got possession of the Isthmus, when he unaccountably

tion the Government was put to desperate straits to raise troops to keep up the fight on the Isthmus where the Liberal insurgents made their longest and most desperate Week after week, month after month,

Some were killed in battle or died of disease, but three-fourths deserted to the enemy. "To pour troops it to the Isthmus." said the late Gen. Alban, who was killed in a

the revolutionists." Frequently whole companies and regiments would go over to the Liberals, officers and all. This seems less remarkable when the manner of their enlistment is con-

band of soldiers. Each Indian had a rawhide lariat round his neck, which was held by a soldier as a man would hold a mule, and his arms were bound to his side by

captured?" "No. señor," the Captain replied. "They are volunteers for the army.

the machete.

sent out to fight. Government, even if they had not disliked

For I'm deaf and can't hear myself speak. -- Columbia Jester.

of a muskrat run. Others select some retired pond, and disappear from sight in its The terrapin in the early winter seem to rise almost to the top of the mud and sink again, leaving a distinct depression as they settle back in place. Finding such a spot, the hunter prods with the iron bar

little hook at one end of the bar.

Sometimes a piece of wood is struck with the bar. The novice is unable to distinguish between the sound made upon the wood and the ring of the terrapin's back, but to the experienced hunter they are quite different, and he seldom makes mis-In collecting terrapin for a shipment the reptiles are sometimes kept for weeks out

box until ready to be sent to the market.

One local dealer says that his firm has

had \$15,000 worth on hand at one time,

"But that hasn't been within the past ten

until he strikes the terrapin. Then he

years," he added. The bay shore collectors and dealers usually come to the city shortly after Nov. 1 to arrange for marketing the season's supply. The scarcity of the genuine article and the great demand for it have, of course, led to the use of substitutes, some of which are sold and bought in good faith, but frequently the substitutes masquerade on

the banquet board as the highly prized

One of the most frequently used of the

pseudo diamondbacks is the Biloxi terra-

pin, so called because it comes principally

diamond backs.

from the marshes and bayous of the Gulf of Biloxi, Miss. The golden terrapin also takes the place of its more aristocratic relative. Many golden terrapin come from the West. The meat of these plebeian cousins of the lordly diamondback is not so dark as the

JERSEY'S MODERN GALILEE.